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THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF *THOMAS*, LORD *CROMWELL*.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

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SOME

ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE, *&c.*

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to Poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of Antiquity, their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make and features, have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this Curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfied with an account of any remarkable perſon, 'till we have heard him deſcrib'd even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding

his book: And tho' the Works of Mr *Shakeſpear* may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fanſy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. *John Shakeſpear*, and was born at *Stratford* upon *Avon*, in *Warwickſhire*, in *April* 1564. His family, as appears by the Regiſter and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for ſome time at a Free-ſchool,. where 'tis probable he acquir'd what *Latin* he was maſter of: But the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius* (equal, if not ſuperior to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy 'em with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mix'd with his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrain'd ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extra-

extravagance which we admire in *Shakeſpear:* And I believe we are better pleas'd with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupply'd him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the *Engliſh* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given intirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one *Hathaway*, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford.* In this kind of ſettlement he continued for ſome time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and tho' it ſeem'd at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *Genius's* that ever was known in dramatick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of Deer-ſtealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford.* For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the firſt eſſay of his Poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his buſineſs and family in *Warwickſhire*, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in *London.*

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the Play-houſe. He was receiv'd into the Company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſh'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other Players, before ſome old Plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have inquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from ſome certain authority, which was the firſt Play he wrote; * it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like *Shakeſpear*'s. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in 'em, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceiv'd in it ſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately

* *The higheſt date of any I can yet find, is* Romeo *and* Juliet *in* 1597, *when the Author was* 33 *years old; and* Richard the 2d, *and* 3d, *in the next year,* viz. *the* 34*th of his age.* A. P.

ately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But tho' the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* in the beginning of the fifth Act of *Henry* V. by a compliment very handſomely turn'd to the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſhews the Play to have been written when that lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland:* And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her ſucceſſor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry* VIII. is a proof of that Play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to ſee a *Genius* ariſe amongſt 'em of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natur'd man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder if with ſo many good qualities he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen *Elizabeth* had ſeveral of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: It is that maiden Princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair Veſtal, Throned by the Weſt,*
Midſummer Night's Dream.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomly apply'd to her. She was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falſtaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for

one Play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. How well ſhe was obey'd, the play it ſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of *Falſtaff* is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcaſtle*; ſome of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of *Falſtaff*. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir *John Falſtaff*, who was Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſh'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the ſixth's times. What grace ſoever the Queen conferr'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakeſpear*'s, that if I had not been aſſur'd that the ſtory was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventur'd to have inſerted, that my lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt

* *See the Epilogue to* Henry 4th.

equal

equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Singers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candor and good-nature muſt certainly have inclin'd all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnſon* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. *Johnſon*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turn'd it careleſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their Company; when *Shakeſpear* luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnſon* and his writings to the publick. *Johnſon* was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakeſpear*; tho' at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnſon*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profeſs'd admirer of *Shakeſpear*, had undertaken his defence againſt *Ben Johnſon* with ſome warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told 'em,

That if Mr. Shakeſpear *had not read the Ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtollen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by* Shakeſpear.

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleaſurable wit, and good-nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remember'd in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury; It happen'd, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakeſpear* in a laughing manner, that he fanſy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakeſpear* gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the ſharpneſs of the Satire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great church at *Stratford*, where a monument is

is plac'd in the wall. On his Graveſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' ſake, forbear
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom ſhe had three Sons, who all dy'd without children; and *Suſannah*, who was his favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd firſt to *Thomas Naſh*, Eſq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbington*, but dy'd likewiſe without iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: The character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince *Ben Johnſon* has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words.

" I remember the Players have often mention'd " it as an honour to *Shakeſpear*, that in writing " (whatſoever he penn'd) he never blotted out " a line. My anſwer hath been, *Would he* " *had blotted out a thouſand!* which they thought a " malevolent ſpeech. I had not told poſterity " this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that " circumſtance to commend their friend by, " wherein he moſt faulted. And to juſtify mine " own candor, (for I lov'd the man, and do honour " his memory, on this ſide idolatry, as much as " any.) He was, indeed, honeſt, and of an open " and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave " notions, and gentle expreſſions; wherein he " flow'd with that facility, that ſometimes it was

" neceſ-

" neceſſary he ſhould be ſtopp'd: *Sufflaminandus*
" *erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid of *Haterius*. His wit
" was in his own power, would the rule of it
" had been ſo too. Many times he fell into
" thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter;
" as when he ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one
" ſpeaking to him,

" Cæſar, *thou doſt me wrong.*

" He reply'd;

" Cæſar *did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

" and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he
" redeem'd his vices with his virtues: There was
" ever more in him to be prais'd than to be par-
" don'd.

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of *Shakeſpear*, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnſon*. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe, *Venus* and *Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, in ſtanza's, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnſon* there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well expreſs'd by what *Horace* ſays of the firſt *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed tranſlated 'em) in his epiſtle to *Auguſtus*.

——— *Naturâ ſublimis & Acer,*
Nam ſpirat Tragicum ſatis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.

As

As I have not propos'd to my ſelf to enter into a large and compleat Criticiſm upon *Shakeſpear*'s Works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgment of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be diſtinguiſh'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Thoſe which are called Hiſtories, and even ſome of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongſt 'em. That way of Trage-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the *Engliſh* taſte, that tho' the ſeverer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of Windſor*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the reſt, however they are call'd, have ſomething of both kinds. 'Tis not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the preſent age has taken the Liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſh'd variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falſtaff* is allow'd by every body to be a maſter-piece; the Character is always well ſuſtain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the firſt act of *Henry* V. tho' it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given

given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I don't know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded 'em, been ſorry to ſee his friend *Hal* uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown, in the end of the ſecond part of *Henry the Fourth*. Amongſt other extravagances, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, he has made him a Deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his *Warwickſhire* proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the *Welſh* parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main deſign, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreaſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward *Malvolio*. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of *Roſalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Therſites* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatyrical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the *Jew*, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but tho' we have ſeen that play receiv'd and acted as a Comedy, and the part of the *Jew* perform'd by an excellent Comedian,† yet I cannot but

† Mr Quin uſed to ſay of Macklin
This is the Jew
That Shakeſpeare drew

but think it was deſign'd tragically by the Author. There appears in it ſuch a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtyle or characters of Comedy. The Play it ſelf, take it all together, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſh'd of any of *Shakeſpear*'s. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of *Antonio* to *Baſſanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what *Portia* ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, as is ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if what *Horace* ſays

Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere,

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, tho' the thought be old, and common enough.

——— *All the world's a Stage,*
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being ſeven ages. Firſt the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the Lover

Sighing

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden, quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
E'en in the canon's mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans ev'ry thing.

His Images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

——— *She never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at Grief.

What an Image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greateſt maſters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have expreſs'd the paſſions deſign'd by this ſketch of Statuary? The ſtyle of his

his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in it ſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into dogrel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the Pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the Sermons of ſome of the graveſt divines of thoſe times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this Author's genius do's no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be plac'd the firſt by the publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: It ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho' that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valu'd himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he do's, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerv'd in theſe ſort of writings; yet he do's it ſo very finely that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His Magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well ſuſtain'd, ſhews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon Groteſques that was ever

ever ſeen. The obſervation, which I have been inform'd * three very great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely juſt. *That* Shakeſpear *had not only found out a new Character in his* Caliban, *but had alſo devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Mackbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two laſt of theſe Plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakeſpear*. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſh'd by *Ariſtotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: But as *Shakeſpear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that liv'd in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licence and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſh'd judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick Poetry ſo far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the firſt, among thoſe that are reckon'd the conſtituent parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought

* *Ld.* Falkland, *Ld. C. J.* Vaughan, *and Mr.* Selden.

thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be conſider'd, the fit Diſpoſition, Order and Conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of *Shakeſpear* lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true Hiſtory, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made uſe of 'em in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, call'd, *The Delectable Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, contains the ſpace of ſixteen or ſeventeen years, and the Scene is ſometimes laid in *Bohemia*, and ſometimes in *Sicily*, according to the original order of the Story. Almoſt all his hiſtorical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: And in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greateſt part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for his careleſneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhewn by the Poet*, he may be generally juſtify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe Plays which he has taken from the *Engliſh* or *Roman* hiſtory, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King* John, *King* Richard, *&c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry* the ſixth, than the picture *Shakeſpear* has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly

actly the same with the story; one finds him still describ'd with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the same time the Poet do's justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by showing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resign'd to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short Scene in the second part of *Henry* VI, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the duke of *Glouceſter*, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good King praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry* VIII, that Prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his Mistress, to have expos'd some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Minister of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolsey*. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly describ'd in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen *Katharine*,

Katharine, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has skreen'd King *Henry* from any groſs Imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclin'd to wiſh, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerv'd, in thoſe characters taken from the *Roman* Hiſtory; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of *Coriolanus*, his courage and diſdain of the common people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find 'em exactly as they are deſcrib'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly *Shakeſpear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpar'd in a Play. But as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between 'em, and occaſion'd the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the

the *Greek* Tragedy, ſomething very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *D'Acier* has obſerv'd, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the Manners he has given that Princeſs and *Oreſtes* in the latter part. *Oreſtes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear *Clytemneſtra* crying out to *Ægyſthus* for help, and to her ſon for mercy: While *Electra*, her daughter, and a Princeſs (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) ſtands upon the ſtage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! *Clytemneſtra* was a wicked woman, and had deſerv'd to die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was kill'd by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerv'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakeſpear*. *Hamlet* is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as *Oreſtes*; he had the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by inceſt: But 'tis with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that the Poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*.

Terror. The latter is a proper paſſion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick Writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shakeſpear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth,* but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murder'd, in the ſecond act, as well as this Play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet,* without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this Maſter-piece of *Shakeſpear* diſtinguiſh it ſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. *Betterton*'s fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudy'd him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakeſpear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickſhire*, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Bedford *and his Hoſt.*
Cardinal Wolſey.
Gardiner, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Sir Chriſtopher Hales.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
Old Cromwell, *a Blackſmith of* Putney.
Young Thomas Cromwell, *his Son.*
Maſter Bowſer, *a Merchant.*
Baniſter, *a broken Merchant, and his Wife.*
Bagot, *a cruel covetous Broker.*
Friskiball, *a* Florentine *Merchant.*
The Governors of the Engliſh *Houſe at* Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Hodge, Will *and* Tom, *old* Cromwell's *Servants.*
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.
A Poſt.
Meſſengers.
Uſhers, and Servants.

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THE

THE *LIFE* and *DEATH* OF Thomas *Lord* Cromwell.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hodge, *and two other Smiths, Servants to old* Cromwell.

HODGE.

COME, Maſters, I think it be paſt five a-Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Maſter he'll be ſtirring anon.

1 *Smith.* I cannot tell whether my old Maſter will be ſtirring or no; but I am ſure I can hardly take my Afternoon's Nap, for my young Maſter *Thomas*, he keeps ſuch a coil in his Study, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the ſeven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars?
There's Goodman *Carr* of *Fulham*,
He that carried us to the ſtrong Ale, where Goody *Trundel*
Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars,
He'll tickle you *Charles's Wain* in nine Degrees:
That ſame Man will tell Goody *Trundel*
When her Ale ſhall miſcarry, only by the Stars.

2 *Smith.* Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed; I think *Thomas* Be no body in compariſon to him.

1 *Smith.* Well, Maſters, come, ſhall we to our Hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content, firſt let's take our Morning's Draught, and then to work roundly.

2 *Smith.* Ay, agreed, go in, *Hodge.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good-morrow, Morn, I do ſalute thy brightneſs,
The Night ſeems tedious to my troubled Soul:
Whoſe black Obſcurity binds-in my Mind
A thouſand ſundry Cogitations:
And now *Aurora* with a lively Die,
Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high,
Too high indeed, my ſtate being ſo mean:
My Study like a Mineral of Gold,
Makes my Heart proud, wherein my hope's enroll'd;
My Books are all the Wealth I do poſſeſs,
And unto them I have engag'd my Heart:
O, Learning, how divine thou ſeem'ſt to me!
Within whoſe Arms is all Felicity.
Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there.
[*Here within they beat with their Hammers.*
You do diſturb my Study and my Reſt;
Leave off, I ſay, you mad me with the Noiſe.

Enter Hodge, *and the two Men.*

Hodge. Why, how now, Maſter *Thomas*, how now? Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noiſe.

Hodge. How, fret your Heart? Ay, but *Thomas*, you'll fret your Father's Purſe if you let us from Working.

2 *Smith.* Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman: Shall we leave work for your muſing? that's well i'faith; But here comes my old Maſter now.

Enter Old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle Knaves, what are you loitring now? No Hammers walking, and my Work to do?
What not a Heat among your Work to day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why, Knave I ſay, have I thus cark'd and car'd, And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And doſt thou let my Servants at their work;

That

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That ſweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?
Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.
Old Crom. Out of my doors, Knave, if thou lik'ſt it not;
I cry you Mercy, are your Ears ſo fine?
I tell thee, Knave, theſe get when I do ſleep;
I will not have my Anvil ſtand for thee.
Crom. There's Money, Father, I will pay your Men.
[*He throws Money among them.*
Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my coſt,
In hope that one day thou would'ſt relieve my Age,
And art thou now ſo laviſh of thy Coin,
To ſcatter it among theſe idle Knaves?
Crom. Father be patient, and content your ſelf,
The time will come I ſhall hold Gold as traſh:
And here I ſpeak with a preſaging Soul,
To build a Palace where now this Cottage ſtands,
As fine as is King *Henry*'s Houſe at *Sheen.* (Beggar;
Old Crom. You build a Houſe? you Knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but caſt away
That is beſtow'd upon this thriftleſs Lad:
Well, had I bound him to ſome honeſt Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To ſend him to the Univerſity:
How? build a Houſe where now this Cottage ſtands,
As fair as that at *Sheen*? he ſhall not hear me,
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well ſaid *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom:*
Into your work, Knaves; hence ſaucy Boy.
[*Exeunt all but young* Cromwell.
Crom. Why ſhould my Birth keep down my mounting Spirit?
Are not all Creatures ſubject unto time?
To time, who doth abuſe the World,
And fills it full of hodge-podge Baſtardy;
There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
That their Original did ſpring from Kings;
And many Monarchs now, whoſe Fathers were
The riff-raff of their Age; for time and Fortune
Wears out a noble train to Beggary;
And from the Dunghill Minions do advance
To State; and mark, in this admiring World
This is but Courſe, which in the name of Fate

Is ſeen as often as it whirls about:
The River *Thames*, that by our Door doth paſs,
His firſt beginning is but ſmall and ſhallow,
Yet keeping on his Courſe grows to a Sea.
And likewiſe *Wolſey*, the wonder of our Age,
His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son;
Now who within this Land a greater Man?
Then *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
That thou may'ſt live to flouriſh and controul.

Enter Old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what *Tom* I ſay.

Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Maſter *Bowſer* come to know if you have diſpatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Council, or no.

Crom. Father, I have, pleaſe you call him in.

Old Crom. That's well ſaid, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter Maſter Bowſer.

Bow. Now, Maſter *Cromwell*, have you diſpatch'd this Petition?

Crom. I have, Sir, pleaſe you to peruſe it.

Bow. It ſhall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water,
And, Maſter *Cromwell*, I have made a Motion
May do you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
And the Merchants there have ſent to me,
For to provide a Man fit for the Place:
Now I do know none fitter than your ſelf,
If with your liking it ſtand, Maſter *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
In Love and Duty for your Kindneſs ſhown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*,
Make haſte, leſt ſome body
Get between thee and home, *Tom*.
I thank you, good Maſter *Bowſer*,
I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you always, I thank you moſt heartily, Sir;
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Maſter *Bowſer*.

Bow. It ſhall not need, Sir: Maſter *Cromwell*, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewel, *Tom*, God bleſs thee, *Tom*,
God ſpeed thee, good *Tom*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Bagot, *a Broker, ſolus.*

Bag. I hope this Day is fatal unto ſome,
And by their loſs muſt *Bagot* ſeek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Maſter *Friskibal*,
A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Baniſter* owes a thouſand Pound,
A Merchant-Bankrupt, whoſe Father was my Maſter.
What do I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n,
And this Morning have I got him arreſted
At the Suit of Maſter *Friskibal*,
And by this means ſhall I be ſure of Coin,
For doing this ſame good to him unknown:
And in good time, ſee where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskibal.

Good-morrow to kind Maſter *Friskibal*.

Friſ. Good-morrow to your ſelf, good Maſter *Bagot*,
And what's the News you are ſo early ſtirring?
It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, Sir, that I bear to you.
When did you ſee your Debtor *Baniſter?*

Friſ. I promiſe you, I have not ſeen the Man
This two Months day, his Poverty is ſuch,
As I do think he ſhames to ſee his Friends.

Bag. Why then aſſure your ſelf to ſee him ſtraight,
For at your Suit I have arreſted him,
And here they will be with him preſently.

Friſ. Arreſt him at my Suit? you were to blame,
I know the Man's Misfortunes to be ſuch,
As he's not able for to pay the Debt,
And were it known to ſome, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it ſo,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Baniſter:*
Why, ſuch as he will break for Faſhion-ſake,
And unto thoſe they owe a thouſand Pound,
Pay ſcarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him,
The Man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath on Harlots Companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him:
I ſpeak the truth of him, for nothing elſe,
But for the kindneſs that I bear to you.

Friſ. If it be ſo, he hath deceiv'd me much,

And to deal ſtrictly with ſuch a one as he,
Better ſevere than too much lenity;
But here is Maſter *Baniſter* himſelf,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Ban. O Maſter *Friskibal*, you have undone me:
My State was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-caſt by your means.

Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal*, pity my Husband's caſe,
He is a Man hath liv'd as well as any,
Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, diſrobe, and ſpoil us of our own.

Friſ. Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, I envy not your Husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus:
But that I hear he is ſo leudly given,
Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough
To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that ſame *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed:
Ingrateful Villain for to uſe me thus.

Bag. What I have ſaid to him is nought but Truth.

Mrs. Ban. What thou haſt ſaid ſprings from an envious [Heart,
A Canibal that doth eat Men alive:
But here upon my Knee, believe me, Sir,
And what I ſpeak, ſo help me God, is true,
We ſcarce have Meat to feed our little Babes:
Moſt of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand,
Which had we Money to defray our Debts,
O think we wou'd not bide that Penury:
Be merciful, kind Maſter *Friskibal*,
My Husband, Children, and my ſelf will eat
But one Meal a-day, the other will we keep and ſell.

Friſ. Go to, I ſee thou art an envious Man.
Good Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, kneel not to me,
I pray riſe up, you ſhall have your deſire.
Hold, Officers; be gone, there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thouſand Pound,
Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former State again,
Pay me: but if ſtill your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown:
I, never yet did wrong to Men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my ſelf may fall. *Ban.*

Ban. This unexpected Favour undeſerv'd,
Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with joy:
Ne'er may ought proſper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindneſs you have ſhown. [day.
Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and
For your good Fortune and Succeſs ſhall pray.
Friſ. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within theſe three Days, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home:
Hold, *Bagot*, there's a Portague to drink,
Altho' you ill deſerv'd it by your merit.
Give not ſuch cruel ſcope unto your Heart;
Be ſure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember what I ſay, *Bagot*, farewel.
Come, Maſter *Baniſter*, you ſhall with me,
My fare's but ſimple, but welcome heartily.
[*Exeunt all but* Bagot.

Bag. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your laſt.
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confuſion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a ſcore of Crowns,
Doth he now foiſt me with a Portague?
Well, I will be revenged upon this *Baniſter*.
I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes,
As ſeeming that I do it for good-will,
I am ſure to have them at an eaſy rate;
And when 'tis done, in Chriſtendom he ſtays not,
But I'll make his Heart t'ake with ſorrow.
And if that *Baniſter* becomes my Debtor,
By Heav'n and Earth, I'll make his Plague the greater.
[*Exit* Bagot.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Now, Gentlemen, imagine*
That young Cromwell *is in* Antwerp,
Ledger for the Engliſh *Merchants*:
And Baniſter, *to ſhun this* Bagot's *Hate,*
Hearing that he hath got ſome of his Debts,
Is fled to Antwerp *with his Wife and Children;*
Which Bagot *hearing, is gone after them:*
And thither ſends his Bills of Debt before,
To be reveng'd on wretched Baniſter:

What doth fall out, with Patience ſit and ſee,
A juſt Requital of falſe Treachery. [Exit.

Enter Cromwell *in his Study, with Bags of Money before him, caſting of Account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go ſtraight and ev'n,
But, *Cromwell*, this ſame plodding fits not thee;
Thy Mind is altogether ſet on travel,
And not to live thus cloiſter'd, like a Nun:
It is not this ſame traſh that I regard,
Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. I pray, Sir, are you ready to diſpatch me?

Crom. Yes, here's thoſe Sums of Money you muſt carry,
You go ſo far as *Francfort*, do you not?

Poſt. I do, Sir.

Crom. Well, prithee make all the haſte thou canſt,
For there be certain *Engliſh* Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And if that you ſhould linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good ſpeed,
There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.

Poſt. I thank you, Sir, this will add Wings indeed.

Crom. Gold is of pow'r to make an Eagle's ſpeed.

Enter Miſtreſs Baniſter.

What Gentlewoman is this that grieves ſo much?
It ſeems ſhe doth addreſs herſelf to me.

Mrs. Ban. God ſave you, Sir, pray is your Name Maſter *Cromwell?*

Crom. My Name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come to *Antwerp?*

Crom. No, truſt me, I never ſaw the Man,
But here are Bills of Debt I have received
Againſt one *Baniſter*, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch:
I am the Wife to woful *Baniſter*,
And by that bloody Villain am purſu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp*:
My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands,
And God of Heav'n knows how he'll deal with him;
Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,
Be merciful to a diſtreſſed Soul,

And

And God no doubt will treble bleſs your Gain.
Crom. Good Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my pow'r.
Mrs. Ban. O ſpeak to *Bagot*, that ſame wicked Wretch,
An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.
Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?
Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed ſome two Hours ſince.
Crom. Well, Mrs. *Baniſter*, aſſure your ſelf,
I'll ſpeak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pity that I can:
Mean time, to comfort you, in your diſtreſs,
Receive theſe Angels to relieve your need,
And be aſſur'd, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.
Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart,
Keep you from trouble, ſorrow, grief and ſmart.
[*Exit Miſtreſs* Baniſter.
Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r:
It grieves my Soul to ſee her miſery,
But we that live under the Work of Fate,
May hope the beſt, yet know not to what ſtate
Our Stars and Deſtinies have us aſſign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her Face is blind. [*Exit.*

Enter Bagot *ſolus.*

Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Baniſter, he is with the Governor:
And ſhortly ſhall have Gyves upon his Heels.
It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave:
I hope to have his Body rot in a Priſon,
And after here, his Wife to hang her ſelf,
And all his Children die for want of Food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*
Are reckon'd to be worth five thouſand Pound,
Which ſcarcely ſtood me in three hundred Pound;
I bought them at an eaſy kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That ſold them me, it comes not near my Heart;
And leſt they ſhould be ſtole, as ſure they are,
I thought it meet to ſell them here in *Antwerp*,
And ſo have left them in the Governor's Hand,
Who offers me within two hundred Pound

Of all my Price: but now no more of that,
I must go see and if my Bills be safe,
The which I sent to Master *Cromwell*,
That if the Wind should keep me on the Sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:
And in good time, see where he is: God save you, Sir.

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, Sir, but my Name is *Bagot*,
The Man that sent to you the Bills of Debt.

Crom. O, the Man that pursues *Banister*,
Here are the Bills of Debt you sent to me:
As for the Man, you know best where he is.
It is reported you've a Flinty Heart,
A Mind that will not stoop to any Pity;
An Eye that knows not how to shed a Tear,
A Hand that's always open for Reward.
But, Master *Bagot*, would you be rul'd by me,
You should turn all these to the contrary;
Your Heart should still have feeling of remorse,
Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal
To those that stand in need, and in distress;
Your Hand to help them that do stand in want,
Rather than with your Poise to hold them down,
For every ill turn show your self more kind,
Thus should I do; pardon, I speak my Mind.

Bag. I, Sir, you speak to hear what I would say,
But you must live, I know, as well as I:
I know this Place to be Extortion.
And 'tis not for a Man to keep safe here,
But he must lye, cog, with his dearest Friend;
And as for Pity, scorn it, hate all Conscience:
But yet I do commend your Wit in this,
To make a show of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and it is well done:
This is the only way to bring your Gain.

Crom. My Gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life;
Before I'd live so base a Slave as thou.
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming Virtue, and a Devil within?
No *Bagot*, if thy Conscience were as clear,

Poor

Poor *Baniſter* ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Maſter *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir,
I know full well that you are no ſuch Man,
But if your Conſcience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwiſe.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwiſe?
Let them that think ſo, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith miſconſter'd?
Antwerp, for all the Wealth within thy Town,
I will not tarry here full two Hours longer:
As good luck ſerves, my Accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll ſtraight unto the Treaſurer:
Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor,
Commend me to him, ſay I am bound to travel,
To ſee the fruitful Parts of *Italy*;
And as you ever bore a Chriſtian Mind,
Let *Baniſter* ſome Favour of you find.

Bag. For your ſake, Sir, I'll help him all I can,
To ſtarve his Heart out ere he gets a Groat; abide
So Maſter *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I muſt ſtraight unto the Governor. [*Exit* Bagot.

Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I ſaid.
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy Heart was ne'er ſo baſe,
To live by Falſhood, or by Brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in Travel ſhall be ſpent.

Enter Hodge, *his Father's Man.*

Hodge. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomaſt*; I had thought it had been no ſuch matter to a-gone by Water; for at *Putney* I'll go you to *Pariſh* Garden for two Pence, ſit as ſtill as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were ſcarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of riſing in my Guts: At laſt, one of the Sailors ſpying of me, be a good cheer, ſays he, ſet down thy Victuals, and up with it, thou haſt nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all ſwore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it: At laſt

laſt we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindneſs; for I in kindneſs told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindneſs eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I find my Maſter *Thomas* in this *Dutch* Town, he might put ſome *Engliſh* Beer into my Belly.

Crom. What *Hodge*, my Father's Man! by my Hand welcome: How doth my Father? what's the News at home?

Hodge. Maſter *Thomas*, O God, Maſter *Thomas*, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to underſtanding, that your Father is in Health, and *Alice Downing* here hath ſent you a Nutmeg, and *Beſs Make-water* a Race of Ginger, my Fellows *Will* and *Tom* hath between them ſent you a dozen of Points, and Goodman *Toll*, of the *Goat*, a pair of Mittons, my ſelf came in Perſon, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy, good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me.
But in as ill a Time thou comeſt as may be;
For I am travelling into *Italy:*
What ſay'ſt thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me Company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee Company, *Tom?* what tell'ſt me of *Italy?* were it to the fartheſt Part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have paſs'd the rigorous Waves of *Neptune*'s Blaſts, I tell you; *Thomas*, I have been in danger of the Floods, and when I have ſeen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a-my-Knees, and call upon *Vulcan.*

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Becauſe as this ſame Fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, ſo *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have ſome care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, haſt thou dined yet?

Hodge. Thomas, to ſpeak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come go with me, thou ſhalt have Cheer good ſtore:
And farewel, *Antwerp*, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, ſweet *Tom*, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter

Enter the Governor of the Engliſh *Houſe*, Bagot, Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Gov. Is *Cromwell* gone then? ſay you, Mr. *Bagot.*
What diſlike, I pray? what was the Cauſe?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild Brain of his own,
Such Youth as they, cannot ſee when they are well:
He is all bent to Travel, that's his reaſon,
And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone,
We hardly ſhall find ſuch a Man as he,
To fit our turns, his Dealings were ſo honeſt.
But now, Sir, for the Jewels that I have,
What do you ſay? what, will you take my Price?

Bag. O Sir, you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Man,
What's that in Payment of five thouſand Pound?

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great,
Before I got ſo much it made me ſweat.

Gov. Well, Maſter *Bagot*, I'll proffer you fairly,
You ſee this Merchant, Maſter *Baniſter*,
Is going now to Priſon at your Suit:
His Subſtance all is gone, what would you have?
Yet in regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
Never diſhoneſt Dealing, but ſuch Miſhaps
Hath fall'n on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred Pound between us,
We will divide the ſame, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will ſet him free:
His ſtate is nothing, that you ſee your ſelf,
And where nought is, the King muſt loſe his Right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, you ſpeak out of your Love,
'Tis fooliſh Love, Sir, ſure to pity him:
Therefore content your ſelf, this is my Mind,
To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, tho' thou doſt no good,
A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou baſe Wretch, whom we have foſter'd,
E'en as a Serpent for to poiſon us,
If God did ever right a Woman's wrong,
To that ſame God I bend and bow my Heart;
To let this heavy wrath fall on thy Head.
By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag.

Bag. Alas fond Woman, I prithee pray thy worſt,
The Fox fares better ſtill when he is curſt.

Enter Maſter Bowſer *a Merchant.*

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer!* you're welcome, Sir, from *England*,
What's the beſt News? how do all our Friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you:
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I muſt take my leave,
My Haſte and Buſineſs doth require ſo.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of Town?

Bow. I'faith unleſs I hear ſome News in Town,
I muſt away, there is no remedy.

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, what is your Buſineſs, may I know it?

Bow. You may, Sir, and ſo ſhall all the City.
The King of late hath had his Treaſury robb'd,
And of the choiceſt Jewels that he had:
The value of them was ſeven thouſand Pounds,
The Fellow that did ſteal theſe Jewels is hang'd,
And did confeſs that for three hundred Pound,
He ſold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in *London:*
Now *Bagot's* fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerp*,
And hither am I come to ſeek him out,
And they that firſt can tell me of his News,
Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.

Ban. How juſt is God to right the Innocent!

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, you come in happy time,
Here is the Villain *Bagot* that you ſeek,
And all thoſe Jewels have I in my Hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him faſt.

Bag. The Devil ought me a ſhame, and now he hath paid it.

Bow. Is this that *Bagot?* Fellows, bear him hence,
We will not now ſtand for his Reply;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd
In *England*, where his Villanies are known.

Bag. Miſchief, confuſion light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my ſelf,
Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.

Bow. Away, bear him away, ſtop the Slave's Mouth.

[*They carry him away.*

Mrs. Ban. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n.

Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy Fellow.

Bow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were ſeiz'd,
Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate, within his Houſe,
Was found the value of five thouſand Pound,
His Furniture fully worth half ſo much,
Which being all ſtrain'd for the King,
He frankly gave it to the *Antwerp* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous Mind,
Have to a Brother of their Company,
A Man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot*'s Wealth to ſet him up again,
And keep it for him; his Name is *Baniſter*.

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, with this happy News,
You have reviv'd two from the Gates of Death,
This is that *Baniſter*, and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is ſo good,
To bring ſuch Tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have given Life unto a Man deem'd dead,
For by theſe News my Life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Sovereign King;
And laſt to you, that theſe good News do bring.

Gov. The hundred Pound I muſt receive, as due,
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Maſter *Baniſter*, if ſo you pleaſe,
I'll bear you Company, when you croſs the Seas.

Ban. If it pleaſe you, Sir, my Company is but mean,
Stands in your liking, I'll wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all Things do accord ſo well:
Come, Maſter *Bowſer*, let us to Dinner:
And, Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, be merry, Woman,
Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Cromwell *and* Hodge *in their Shirts, and without Hats.*

Hodge. Call ye this ſeeing Faſhions?
Marry, would I had ſtaid at *Putney* ſtill.
O, Maſter *Thomas*, we are ſpoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, Man; this is but Fortune.

Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-ſhod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shoe to my Feet; for my Hoſe, they ſcorn'd them with their Heels;

Heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me, and unlac'd me, and took away my Clothes, and ſo diſgrac'd me.

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what Remedy?
What ſhift ſhall we make now?

Hodge. Nay, I know not, for Begging I am naught, for Stealing worſe; by my troth, I muſt even fall to my old Trade, to the Hammer and the Horſe-heels again; but now the worſt is, I am not acquainted with the Humour of the Horſes in this Country; whether they are not coltiſh, given much to kicking, or no; for when I have one Leg in my Hand, if he ſhould up and lay t'other on my Chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. Hodge, I believe thou muſt work for us both.

Hodge. O, Maſter *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many time and often ſaid, *Tom*, or Maſter *Thomas*, learn to make a Horſe-ſhoe, it will be your own another Day; this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us?

Crom. The *Banditti*.

Hodge. The *Banditti*, do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am ſure we call them plain Thieves in *England*. O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, Man, here ſet up theſe two Bills,
And let us keep our Standing on the Bridge:
The Faſhion of this Country is ſuch,
If any Stranger be oppreſſed with Want;
To write the manner of his Miſery;
And ſuch as are diſpos'd to ſuccour him,
Will do it. What, haſt thou ſet them up?

Hodge. Ay, they're up, God ſend ſome to read them;
And not only to read them, but alſo to look on us:
And not altogether look on us,
But to relieve us. O cold, cold, cold.

[*One ſtands at one end, and one at t'other.*

Enter Friskibal *the Merchant, and reads the Bills.*

Friſ. What's here? two *Engliſhmen* robb'd by the *Banditti*.
One of them ſeems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pity that his Fortune was ſo hard,
To fall into the deſperate Hands of Thieves.

I'll

I'll queſtion him, of what Eſtate he is.
God ſave you, Sir, are you an *Engliſhman?*
Crom. I am, Sir, a diſtreſſed *Engliſhman.*
Friſ. And what are you, my Friend?
Hodge. Who, I Sir, by my troth I do not know my ſelf, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*; that's my Maſter, Sir, yonder, I was robb'd for his ſake, Sir.
Friſ. I ſee you have been met by the *Banditi*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But, *Friskibal*, why doſt thou queſtion them
Of their Eſtate, and not reliève their need?
Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much:
There's ſixteen Duckets for to clothe your ſelves,
There's ſixteen more to buy your Diet with,
And there's ſixteen to pay for your Horſe-hire.
'Tis all the Wealth, you ſee, my Purſe poſſeſſes;
But if you pleaſe for to enquire me out,
You ſhall not want for ought that I can do:
My Name is *Friskibal*, a *Florence* Merchant,
A Man that always lov'd your Nation.
Crom. This unexpected Favour at your Hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I ſhall requite it,
Neceſſity makes me to take your Bounty,
And for your Gold can yield you nought but Thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from Deſpair;
Your Name ſhall ſtill be in my hearty Prayer.
Friſ. It is not worth ſuch Thanks, come to my Houſe,
Your want ſhall better be relieved than thus.
Crom. I pray excuſe me, this ſhall well ſuffice
To bear my Charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much diſtreſs'd:
An *Engliſhman*, *Ruſſel* the Earl of *Bedford*,
Is by the *French* King ſold unto his Death,
It may fall out that I may do him good:
To ſave his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood:
Therefore kind Sir, thanks for your liberal Gift,
I muſt be gone to aid him, there's no ſhift.
Friſ. I'll be no hindrance to ſo good an Act,
Heav'n proſper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me ſee you; ſo I take my leave,

All

All good a Man can wish, I do bequeath. [*Ex.* Friskib.

Crom. All good that God doth send light on your Head,
There's few such Men within your Climate bred.
How say you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?

Hodge. How say you, I'll tell you what, Master *Thomas*,
If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind,
Let's keep our Standings upon this Bridge,
We shall get more here with begging in one Day,
Than I shall with making Horse-shoes in a whole Year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we must be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford*:
Where if I fail not in my Policy,
I shall deceive their subtle Treachery.

Hodge. Nay, I'll follow you, God bless us from thieving *Banditti* again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *and his Host.*

Bed. Am I betray'd? was *Bedford* born to die
By such base Slaves, in such a place as this?
Have I escap'd so many times in *France*,
So many Battles have I overpass'd,
And made the *French* stir, when they heard my Name:
And am I now betray'd unto my Death?
Some of their Hearts Blood first shall pay for it.

Host. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do desire to have my Blood;
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name,
By all my Hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.
Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Host. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate Course,
They have begirt you, round about the House;
Their meaning is to take you Prisoner,
And so to send your Body unto *France*.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as Sand,
Before alive they send me unto *France*.
I'll have my Body first bor'd like a Sieve,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainst the *Myrmidons*,
Ere *France* shall boast, *Bedford*'s their Prisoner;
Treacherous *France*, that 'gainst the Law of Arms,
Hath here betray'd thy Enemy to Death:
But be assur'd, my Blood shall be reveng'd

Upon

Upon the beſt Lives that remain in *France*.
Stand back, or elſe thou run'ſt upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them,
Without the ſhedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their Hands ſafe to deliver you,
And therefore craves none but himſelf may enter,
And a poor Swain that attends on him.

Bed. A *Neapolitan?* bid him come in. [*Ex. Servant.*
Where he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous Man of *Rome*,
His Words would be as Chaff againſt the Wind.
Sweet-tongu'd *Ulyſſes*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conqueſt.

Enter Cromwell *like a* Neapolitan, *and* Hodge *with him.*

Crom. Sir, are you Maſter of the Houſe?

Hoſt. I am, Sir.

Crom. By this ſame Token you muſt leave this Place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peaſant here to tend on us.

Hoſt. With all my heart, God grant you do ſome good.
[*Exit* Hoſt, Cromwell *ſhuts the Door.*

Bed. Now, Sir, what's your will with me?

Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your ſelf?

Bed. No, good-man Gooſe, not while my Sword doth laſt;
Is this your Eloquence for to perſuade me?

Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to ſave you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neapolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your Servant, and an *Engliſhman*.

Bed. How? *Cromwell?* not my Farrier's Son?

Crom. The ſame, Sir, and am come to ſuccour you.

Hodge. Yes Faith, Sir, and I am *Hodge* your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I ſhooed your Dapple Gray.

Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the Men of *Mantua*,
And theſe *Bononians*, are at deadly ſtrife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* Port,

Then

Then were you ſafe, deſpight of all their Force.
Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'ſt of things impoſſible;
Doſt thou not ſee, that we are round beſet?
How then is't poſſible we ſhould eſcape?
Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy:
Put on the Apparel here, that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours; the States they know you not,
For, as I think, they never ſaw your Face,
And at a Watch-word muſt I call them in,
And will deſire, that we two ſafe may paſs
To *Mantua*, where I'll ſay my Buſineſs lies;
How doth your Honour like of this Advice?
Bed. O wondrous good! But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*?
Hodge. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord in any thing I can;
And do agree, to ſet thee free, do Fortune what ſhe can.
Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel ſtraight.
Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haſte, leſt they chance to call.
Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.
[*Exeunt Earl and* Hodge.
Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Succeſs,
And that the Earl may ſafely 'ſcape away.
And yet it grieves me for this ſimple Wretch,
For fear they ſhould offer him Violence;
But of two Evils 'tis beſt to ſhun the greateſt,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Than ſuch a noble Earl as he ſhould fall.
Their ſtubborn Hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their Hate is bent.
My Lord, have you diſpatch'd?
Enter Bedford *like the Clown, and* Hodge *in his Cloak and his Hat.*
Bed. How doſt thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?
Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. *Hodge*, how doſt feel thy ſelf?
Hodge. How do I feel my ſelf? why as a Noble Man ſhould do.
O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderful melancholy:
Is it not moſt Gentleman-like to be melancholy?
Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go ſit down in thy Study,
And take ſtate upon thee.

Hodge.

Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take ſtate upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?

Bed. No, truſt me, *Hodge.*

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Paſture; 'tis a ſtrange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge,* I will call them in.

[Hodge *ſits in the Study, and* Cromwell *calls in the* All is done, enter and if you pleaſe. [*States.*

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himſelf?

Crom. I have, an't pleaſe you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himſelf to be diſpos'd by you.

Gov. Give him the Money that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he pleaſe himſelf.

Crom. My Buſineſs, Sir, lies unto *Mantua*;
Pleaſe you to give me a ſafe Conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And ſee him ſafe delivered preſently.

[*Exeunt* Cromwell *and* Bedford.

Go draw the Curtains, let us ſee the Earl:
O, he is writing, ſtand apart a while.

Hodge. Fellow *William,* I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord; I am at this preſent writing among the *Polonian Caſiges.* I do commend my Lordſhip to *Ralph* and to *Roger,* to *Bridget* and to *Dorothy,* and ſo to all the Youth of *Putney.*

Gov. Sure theſe are the Names of *Engliſh* Noblemen,
Some of his ſpecial Friends, to whom he writes:
But ſtay, he doth addreſs himſelf to ſing.

[*Here he ſings a Song.*

My Lord, I am glad you are ſo frolick and ſo blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry Vein to ſudden Sorrow.

Hodge. I change my merry Vein? no, thou *Bononian,* no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do defy thee and thy *Caſiges:*
Therefore ſtand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My Lord, this Jeſting cannot ſerve your turn.

Hodge. Doſt think, thou black *Bononian* Beaſt,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jeſt?

No,

No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's ſound?

[*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua.*

Gov. What would you with us, ſpeak thou Man of *Mantua?*

Meſ. Men of *Bononia*, this my Meſſage is,
To let you know the noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is ſafe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you ſend the Peaſant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation;
Or elſe the States of *Mantua* have vow'd,
They will recal the Truce that they have made,
And not a Man ſhall ſtir forth from your Town,
That ſhall return, unleſs you ſend him back.

Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my Heart?
The *Neapolitan* hath beguil'd us all.
Hence with this Fool, what ſhall we do with him,
The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.

Hodge. No I'll aſſure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir;
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.

Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you.

Meſ. Farewel, *Bononians.* Come, Friend, along with me.

Hodge. My Friend, afore, my Lordſhip will follow thee. [*Exit.*

Gov. Well, *Mantua*, ſince by thee the Earl is loſt,
Within few Days I hope to ſee thee croſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Thus far you ſee how* Cromwell's *Fortune paſs'd.*
The Earl of Bedford, *being ſafe in* Mantua,
Deſires Cromwell's *Company into* France,
To make requital for his Courteſy:
But Cromwell *doth deny the Earl his Suit,*
And tells him that thoſe Parts he meant to ſee,
He had not yet ſet footing on the Land,

And

And ſo directly takes his way to Spain;
The Earl to France, *and ſo they both do part.*
Now let your Thoughts as ſwift as is the Wind,
Skip ſome few Years that Cromwell *ſpent in Travel;*
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Maſter of the Rolls:
Where in ſhort time he there began to flouriſh.
An Hour ſhall ſhow you what few Years did cheriſh. [Exit.

The Muſick plays, they bring out the Banquet.

Enter Sir Chriſtopher Hales, Cromwell, *and two Servants.*

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Maſter's Credit;
And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure
Of common Entertainment, ſo do you,
With Looks as free as in your Maſter's Soul,
Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,
That ſhall receive the Cardinal's Followers,
And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my Care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:
Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form,
And by how much thy Spirit is rank'd 'bove theſe,
In rules of Art, by ſo much it ſhines brighter by Travel,
Whoſe Obſervance pleads his Merit,
In a moſt learn'd, yet unaffecting Spirit.
Good *Cromwell*, caſt an Eye of fair Regard
'Bout all my Houſe, and what this ruder Fleſh,
Thro' Ignorance, or Wine, do miſcreate,
Salve thou with Courteſy; if Welcome want,
Full Bowls, and ample Banquets will ſeem ſcant.

Crom. Sir, whatſoever lies in me,
Aſſure you I will ſhew my utmoſt Duty. [*Exit* Crom.

Hales. About it then, the Lords will ſtraight be here:
Cromwell, thou haſt thoſe parts would rather ſute
The Service of the State than of my Houſe:
I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
That one Day will prefer thy Deſtiny.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, the Lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* ſtraight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readineſs.

[*The Muſick plays.*

Enter

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *Sir* Thomas Moore, *and* Gardiner.

Wol. O. Sir *Chriſtopher*, you are too liberal: What a Banquet too?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could ſhew the ample Welcome, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become a Prætor: but I now muſt deal like a feaſt Politician with your Lordſhips, defer your Welcome till the Banquet end, that it may then ſalve our defect of Fare: Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Maſter of the Rolls. Come and ſit down, ſit down Sir *Thomas Moore*: 'Tis ſtrange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ, Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner, And they are Men of active Diſpoſition: This I gather, that by their ſparing Meals Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars; And if that Famine chance to pinch their Maws, Being us'd to faſt, it breeds leſs Pain.

Hales. Fill me ſome Wine; I'll anſwer Cardinal *Wolſey*. My Lord, we *Engliſhmen* are of more free Souls, Than hunger-ſtarv'd, and ill complexion'd *Spaniards*; They that are rich in *Spain*, ſpare belly Food, To deck their Backs with an *Italian* Hood, And Silks of *Sevil*, and the pooreſt Snake, That feeds on Lemons, Pitchers, and ne'er heated His Pallet with ſweet Fleſh, will bear a Caſe More fat and gallant than his ſtarved Face: Pride, the Inquiſition, and this belly-evil, Are, in my Judgment, *Spain*'s three-headed Devil.

Moore. Indeed it is a Plague unto their Nation, Who ſtagger after in blind Imagination.

Hales. My Lords, with welcome, I preſent your Lordſhips a ſolemn Health.

Moore. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring Pain to the Head, and Bodies ſurfeiting, Then ceaſe I Healths: Nay ſpill not Friend, for tho' the drops be ſmall, Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher*, is that your Man?

Hales. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a Linguiſt.

One

One that hath travelled many parts of Chriſtendom, my Lord.

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller?

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge, the *Low Countries.*
France, Spain, Germany, and *Italy:*
And tho' ſmall gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it pleaſe my Eye, content my Mind.

Wol. What do you think of the ſeveral States,
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor Civil Government:
Luſt dwells in *France,* in *Italy,* and *Spain,*
From the poor Peaſant to the Prince's Train:
In *Germany,* and *Holland,* Riot ſerves,
And he that moſt can drink, moſt he deſerves.
England I praiſe not: For I here was born,
But that ſhe laugheth the others unto ſcorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be diſcern'd by outward Eye;
Sir *Chriſtopher,* will you part with your Man?

Hales. I have ſought to proffer him to your Lordſhip,
And now I ſee he hath preferr'd himſelf.

Wol. What is thy Name?

Crom. Cromwell, my Lord.

Wol. Then, *Cromwell,* here we make thee Sollicitor of our Cauſes,
And neareſt next our ſelf:
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man.

[Gardiner *embraces him.*

Moore. My Lord, you are a royal Winner,
Hath got a Man, beſides your bounteous Dinner.
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou may'ſt ſhut thy Door.

Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher,* hadſt thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou couldeſt not have pleaſed me
So much as with this Man of thine:
My infant Thoughts do ſpell,
Shortly his Fortune ſhall be lifted higher;
True Induſtry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And ſo, kind Maſter of the Rolls, farewel.

Hales. Cromwell, Farewel.

Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love and honour you.

[*Exeunt. The Muſick plays as they go out.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Now* Cromwell's *higheſt Fortunes do begin.*
Wolſey *that lov'd him, as he did his Life,*
Committed all his Treaſure to his Hands:
Wolſey *is dead, and* Gardiner *his Man*
Is now created Biſhop of Wincheſter:
Pardon, if we omit all Wolſey's *Life,*
Becauſe our Play depends on Cromwell's *Death.*
Now ſit and ſee his higheſt State of all;
His height of riſing, and his ſudden Fall:
Pardon the Errors are already paſt,
And live in hope the beſt doth come at laſt:
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking ere the end. [Exit.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *Sir* Thomas More, *Sir* Chriſtopher Hales, *and* Cromwell,

Nor. Maſter *Cromwell,* ſince Cardinal *Wolſey*'s Death,
His Majeſty is given to underſtand,
There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand,
That much concern the State of *England*;
My Lord of *Wincheſter,* is it not ſo?

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk,* we two were whilome Fellows,
And, Maſter *Cromwell,* tho' our Maſter's love
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny thoſe things
Which may be prejudicial to the State;
And tho' that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher,
Than any way I look'd for, or deſerv'd,
Yet my Life no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What ſay you, Maſter *Cromwell?* have you thoſe Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees
I give them up unto the worthy Dukes
Of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*; he was my Maſter,
And each virtuous Part

That

That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart;
But what his Head complotted 'gainſt the State,
My Country's Love commands me that to hate.
His ſudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall,
Becauſe he ſought to work my Country's thrall.
Suf. Cromwell, the King ſhall hear of this thy Duty;
Whom I aſſure my ſelf will well reward thee;
My Lord, let's go unto his Majeſty,
And ſhew thoſe Writings which he longs to ſee.
[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Enter Bedford *haſtily.*

Bed. How now, Who's this, *Cromwell?*
By my Soul, welcome to *England:*
Thou once didſt ſave my Life, didſt thou not, *Cromwell?*
Crom. If I did ſo, 'tis greater Glory
For me that you remember it,
Than for my ſelf vainly to report it.
Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time
I ſhall commend thee to my Sovereign;
Chear up thy ſelf, for I will raiſe thy State,
A *Ruſſel* yet was never found ingrate. [*Exit.*
Hales. O how uncertain is the Wheel of State,
Who lately greater than the Cardinal,
For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies?
Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries,
And whom this Day Pride and Promotion ſwells,
To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.
More. Who ſees the Cobweb intangle the poor Fly,
May boldly ſay the Wretch's Death is nigh.
Gard. I knew his State, and proud Ambition,
Were too too violent to laſt over-long.
Hales. Who ſoars too near the Sun with golden Wings,
Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf Cromwell, kneel down in King *Henry*'s Name,
Ariſe, Sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus begin thy Fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Cromwell, the Majeſty of *England*,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee Maſter of the Jewel houſe,

Chief Secretary to himſelf, and withal,
Creates thee one of his Highneſs's Privy-Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is Sir *Thomas Cromwell?* is he Knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name,
The King creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy Seal,
And Maſter of the Rolls;
Which you, Sir *Chriſtopher*, do now enjoy:
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, theſe Honours are too high for my Deſert.

Moore. O content thee, Man, who would not chooſe it?
Yet thou art wiſe, in ſeeming to refuſe it.

Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing will have a ſudden Fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's all together bring
This new-made Counſellor to *England*'s King.

[*Exeunt all but* Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* means his Glory ſhall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater Man than I?
My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
I hope to ſhorten *Cromwell* by the Head. [*Exit.*

Enter Friskibal *very poor.*

Frisk. O *Friskibal*, what ſhall become of thee?
Where ſhalt thou go, or which way ſhalt thou turn?
Fortune that turns her too unconſtant Wheel,
Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea;
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grow weary of me, and deny me Succour;
My Debtors, they that ſhould relieve my want,
Forſwear my Mony, ſay they owe me none:
They know my State too mean to bear out Law;
And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched Man,
Am now moſt wretched here, deſpis'd my ſelf:
In vain it is more of their Hearts to try,
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[*He lies down.*

Enter Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.

Seely. Come, *Joan*, come, let's ſee what he will do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many

many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfil the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horſe-back and they'll ride*; a, well a day for my Cow; ſuch as he, hath made us come behind-hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow elſe to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well, *Joan*, he'll come this way; and by Gad's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords; a ſhall know that I had not my Cheeſe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Do you remember, Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheeſe-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.

Seely. Ay, we ſhall have now three flaps with a Fox-Tail: But i' faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own; ſtay, who comes here? O, ſtand up, here he comes, ſtand up.

Enter Hodge *very fine, with a Tipſtaff*, Cromwell *with the Mace carried before him*; *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *and Attendants.*

Hodge. Come, away with theſe Beggars here,
Riſe up, Sirrah; come out, good People,
Run before there ho.

[Friskibal *riſeth, and ſtands afar off*

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away, now we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a look'd more friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, tho' you are ſo fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah: Stay, what Men are theſe?
My honeſt Hoſt of *Hunſlow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee Mony, Father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the Body of me, doſt thou; would thou wouldeſt pay me, good four Pounds it is, I have a the Poſt at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your Wife and you do ſtay to Dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you
Four Pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not chang'd, art old *Tom* ſtill?
Now God bleſs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home, *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to Day,

And thou ſhalt come next Week,
Fetch my Cow; home, *Joan*, home.
Wife. Now God bleſs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow preſently.
Enter Gardiner.
Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I deſire him to ſtay to Dinner: I muſt ſpeak with him.
Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, ſee you this ſame Bubble? That ſame puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.
Nor. I promiſe you, I like not ſomething he hath done;
But let that paſs; the King doth love him well.
Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter*:
I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.
Gar. Have I not reaſon, when Religion is wrong'd?
You had no colour for what you have done.
Crom. Yes, the aboliſhing of Antichriſt,
And of his Popiſh order from our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But this is done, it is for *England*'s Good:
What did they ſerve for, but to feed a ſort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full fed Friers?
They neither Plow, nor Sow, and yet they Reap
The Fat of all the Land, and ſuck the Poor:
Look, what was theirs, is in King *Henry*'s Hands,
His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.
Gar. Indeed theſe things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When God doth know, the Infant yet unborn,
Will curſe the time, the Abbies were pull'd down;
I pray you, where is Hoſpitality?
Where now may poor diſtreſſed People go,
For to relieve their Need, or reſt their Bones,
When weary Travel doth oppreſs their Limbs?
And where Religious Men ſhould take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Maſtive Dog:
And thouſand thouſand ———
Nor. O my Lord, no more:
Things paſt redreſs, 'tis bootleſs to complain.
Crom. What, ſhall we to the Convocation-houſe?
Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.
Enter

Enter old Cromwell, *like a Farmer.*

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*
Made Lord-keeper ſince I left *Putney*
And dwelt in *Yorkſhire?* I never heard better News;
I'll ſee that *Cromwell*, or it ſhall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! State ſet aſide:
Father, on my Knee I crave your Bleſſing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better Leiſure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die how happy were the Day,
To ſee this Comfort rains forth ſhowers of Joy.
[*Exit old* Cromwell.

Nor. This Duty in him ſhows a kind of Grace.

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace.
[*Exeunt all but* Friskibal.

Friſ. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His Man ſo ſtrictly gave me charge to ſtay:
I never did offend him to my Knowledge:
Well, good or bad. I mean to bide it all,
Worſe than I am now, never can befal.

Enter Baniſter *and his Wife.*

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almoſt Dinner time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosby* ſent to me
Laſt Night, they would come dine with me,
And take their Bond in, I pray thee hie thee home,
And ſee that all things be in readineſs.

Mrs. Ban. They ſhall be welcome, Husband, I'll go before.
But is not that Man Maſter *Friskibal*?
[*She runs and embraces him.*

Ban. O Heavens! it is kind Maſter *Friskibal:*
Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this paſs?

Friſ. The ſame that brought you to your Miſery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your ſtate?
Is *Baniſter* your poor Friend forgot?
Whoſe Goods, whoſe Love, whoſe Life and all is yours.

Friſ. I thought your uſage would be as the reſt,
That had more kindneſs at my Hands than you,
Yet look'd aſcance when as they ſaw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If *Baniſter* would bear ſo baſe a Heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,

But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mighteſt ſhould *Baniſter* deal ſo.
Since that I ſaw you, Sir, my ſtate is mended:
And for the thouſand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home:
And tho' I grieve your Fortune is ſo bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, Sir, will it pleaſe you walk with me.

Friſ. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did poſſeſs the place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward; if you pleaſe,
We'll go along and bear you Company;
I know we ſhall not want for welcome there.

Friſ. With all my heart; but what's become of *Bagot*?

Ban He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.

Friſ A juſt Reward for one ſo impious.
The Time draws on, Sir, will you go along?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind Maſter *Friskibal.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Now, Maſter *Crosby*, I ſee you have a care
To keep your Word in payment of your Money.

2 *Mer.* By my Faith I have reaſon; upon a Bond,
Three thouſand Pound is too much to forfeit.
Yet I doubt not Maſter *Baniſter.*

1 *Mer.* By my Faith your Sum is greater than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Conſidering that to Day I paid at Court.

2 *Mer.* Maſs, and well remembred:
What's the reaſon the Lord *Cromwell*'s Men
Wear ſuch long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.

1 *Mer.* I will reſolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great Men are envied as well as leſs,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell*'s Ear,
That Biſhop *Gardiner* would ſit on his Skirts;
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue Coats,

And

And in the Court wore one of them himſelf:
And meeting with the Biſhop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to ſit on:
Which vexed the Biſhop to the very Heart;
This is the reaſon why they wear long Coats.
2 *Mer.* 'Tis always ſeen, and mark it for a Rule,
That one great Man will envy ſtill another;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, ſhall we now to Maſter *Baniſter*'s?
1 *Mer.* Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Uſher, and the Sewer, the Meat goes over the Stage.

Uſh. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, *old* Cromwell, Friskibal, *Goodman* Setly, *and Attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell*'s Houſe:
Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Altho' that Duty to theſe Noblemen doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.
Your Head doth bear the Calender of Care:
What? *Cromwell* cover'd, and his Father bare?
It muſt not be. Now, Sir, to you;
Is not your Name *Friskibal*, and a *Florentine*?
Friſ. My Name was *Friskibal*, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.
Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now?
Friſ. All other Parts have left me ſuccourleſs,
Save only this, becauſe of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.
Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a diſtreſſed Man, robb'd by the *Banditti*.
His Name was *Cromwell*?
Friſ. I never made my Brain
A Calender of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my heart.
Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me to clothe me,
Sixteen to bear my Charges by the way,
And ſixteen more I had for my Horſe-hire;
There be thoſe ſeveral Sums juſtly returned:

Yet it Injuſtice were, that ſerving at my need,
For to repay them without Intereſt:
Therefore receive of me theſe four ſeveral Bags;
In each of them there is four hundred Mark,
And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors,
And if they will not ſee you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I ſhould ſee him fall,
That helpt me in my greateſt need of all.
Here ſtands my Father that firſt gave me Life,
Alas what Duty is too much for him?
This Man in time of need did ſave my Life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old Man I oftentimes was fed,
Elſe might I have gone ſupperleſs to Bed.
Such kindneſs have I had of theſe three Men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.
Now in to Dinner, for we ſtay too long,
And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gardiner *in his Study, and his Man.*

Gard. Sirrah, where be thoſe Men I caus'd to ſtay?

Ser. They do attend your Pleaſure, Sir, within.

Gard. Bid them come hither, and ſtay you without,
For by thoſe Men the Fox of this ſame Land,
That makes a Gooſe of better than himſelf,
Muſt worried be unto his lateſt home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have ſent for to come ſpeak with me;
Howſoever outwardly they ſhadow it,
Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not.
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-ſay what we do ſet down.

Enter the two Witneſſes.

Now, my Friends, you know I ſav'd your Lives,
When by the Law you had deſerved Death;
And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths,
To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We ſwore no more than what we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words; and that which you muſt do,
Is ſervice for your God, and for your King;

To

To root a Rebel from this flouriſhing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore muſt you take your ſolemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wiſh a Dagger at King *Henry*'s Heart:
Fear not to ſwear it, for I heard him ſpeak it;
Therefore we'll ſhield you from enſuing Harms.
2 *Wit.* If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.
Gard. Kneel down, and I will here abſolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And ſprinkle Holy-Water on your Brows:
The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it ſhall you purchaſe Grace from Heav'n.
1 *Wit.* Now, Sir, we'll undertake it, by our Souls.
2 *Wit.* For *Cromwell* never loved none of our ſort.
Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you
I will prefer you to ſome place of worth.
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For preſently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell, ſit faſt, thy time's not long to reign;
The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
Thy Pride alſo thy own Head lights upon,
For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.
Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, *and the Earl of* Bedford.
Suf. Good Even to my Lord Biſhop.
Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?
Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my Mind is troubled:
I know your Honours muſe wherefore I ſent,
And in ſuch haſte: What, came you from the King?
Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.
Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's *Thomas Wolſey*, he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he follow'd after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worſe than either of thoſe twain;
And if with ſpeed, my Lords, we not purſue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.
Bed. Another *Thomas*? pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell*.
Bed. Is *Cromwell* falſe? my Heart will never think it.
Suf. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his Treachery?
Gard. My Lord, too much; call in the Men within.

Enter the Witneſſes.

Theſe Men, my Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wiſhed a Dagger ſticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*: What is this but Treaſon?
Bed. If it be ſo, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.
Suf. How ſay you, Friends; what, did you hear theſe Words?
1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your Grace.
Nor. In what Place was Lord *Cromwell* when he ſpake them?
2 *Wit.* In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit,
Which we had waited for two Years and more.
Suf. How long is't ſince you heard him ſpeak theſe Words?
2 *Wit.* Some half a Year ſince.
Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?
1 *Wit.* His Greatneſs made us fear; that was the cauſe.
Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatneſs, that's the cauſe indeed;
And to make his Treaſon here moſt manifeſt,
He calls his Servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolſey*'s Life, and of his Fall,
Says that himſelf hath many Enemies,
And gives to ſome of them a Park, or Manor,
To others Leaſes, Lands to other ſome:
What need he do this in his prime of Life,
An if he were not fearful of his Death?
Suf. My Lord, theſe likelihoods are very great.
Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I muſt needs depart;
Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.

[*Exit* Bedford.

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have ſaid;
Your Souls muſt anſwer what your Tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.
2 *Wit.* My Lord, we ſpeak no more but truth.
Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Winchester*;
Let theſe Men be kept cloſe until the Day of Trial.

Gard.

Gard. They ſhall, my Lord; ho, take in theſe two Men. [*Exeunt Witneſſes.*

My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Trial,
That which we do, is void, by his denial,
You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleaſes.

Suf. How ſhall we do for to attack him then?

Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,
By an Act he made himſelf,
With an intent to intrap ſome of our Lives,
And this it is: If any Counſellor
Be convicted of High Treaſon,
He ſhall be executed without a publick Trial.
This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.

Suf. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himſelf.

Nor. Let us not ſlack it, 'tis for *England*'s good,
We muſt be wary, elſe he'll go beyond us.

Gard. Well hath your Grace ſaid, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Therefore let us preſently to *Lambeth*.
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to Night,
Let us arreſt him, ſend him to the *Tower*,
And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.

Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the Town,
This is the Day that *Cromwell* muſt go down.

Gard. Along my Lords; well, *Cromwell* is half dead,
He ſhak'd my Heart, but I will ſhave his Head. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *ſolus.*

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the Man that makes it ſo;
O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy end is near:
Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can,
And in good time, ſee where the Man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom.

Enter Cromwell *with his Train*, Bedford *makes as tho' he would ſpeak to him: He goes on.*

Crom. You're well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*.
Pray pardon me. I am ſent for to the King,
And do not know the Buſineſs yet my ſelf;
So fare you well, for I muſt needs be gone.

[*Exit with the Train.*

Bed.

Bed. You muſt; well, what remedy?
I fear too ſoon you muſt be gone indeed:
The King hath Buſineſs, but little doſt thou know,
Who's buſy for thy Life; thou think'ſt not ſo.

Enter Cromwell *and the Train again.*

Crom. The ſecond time well met, my Lord of *Bedford*:
I am very ſorry that my haſte is ſuch,
Lord Marqueſs *Dorſet* being ſick to Death,
I muſt receive of him the Privy-Seal.
At *Lambeth* ſoon, my Lord, we'll talk our fill.
[*Exit with the Train.*

Bed. How ſmooth and eaſy is the way to Death?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*,
Intreat you to come preſently to *Lambeth*,
On earneſt matters that concern the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, ſo: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there ſhall talk enough:
Ay, and our laſt, I fear, and if he come.
[*He writes a Letter.*
Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, ſay it concerns him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haſte you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a woful Man. [*Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *and his Train.*

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will ſtraight to *Lambeth*.
And if this one Day's Buſineſs once were paſt,
I'd take my eaſe to-morrow after trouble.
How now, my Friend, would'ſt thou ſpeak with me?
[*The Meſſenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket.*

Meſ. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord;
Hold, take thoſe Angels, drink them for thy pains.

Meſ. He doth deſire your Grace to read it,
Becauſe he ſays it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him aſſure himſelf of that, farewel,
To-morrow, tell him, he ſhall hear from me.
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, *Serjeant at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Gard. Halberts, ſtand cloſe unto the Water-ſide,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver the Proclamation.

Her. This is to give notice to all the King's Subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of *England*,
Vicar-General over the Realm,
Him to hold and eſteem as a Traitor,
Againſt the Crown and Dignity of *England*.
So God ſave the King.

Gard. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the Land,
For whilſt thou liveſt Truth cannot ſtand.

Nor. Make a Lane there, the Traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell*'s Men:
Drown them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office.

Enter Cromwell, *they make a Lane with their Halberts.*

Crom. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by theſe Words?
Sirs, come along.

Gard. Kill them, if they come on.

Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henry*'s Name,
I do arreſt your Honour of High-Treaſon.

Crom. Serjeant, me of Treaſon?

[Cromwell's *Men offer to draw.*

Suf. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.

Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a Sword.
Who dares accuſe *Cromwell* of Treaſon now?

Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,
Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.

Crom. With Serpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner*, do thy worſt, I fear thee not,
My Faith compar'd with thine, as much ſhall paſs,
As doth the Diamond excel the Glaſs.
Attach'd of Treaſon, no Accuſers by,
Indeed what Tongue dares ſpeak ſo foul a Lye?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And it is time the King had note thereof.

Crom. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I deſire than that,

Let

Let him but ſay, that *Cromwell*'s Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour and my Name be ſtain'd;
If e'er my Heart againſt the King was ſet,
O let my Soul in Judgment anſwer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his Reaſon,
'Gainſt whom hath *Cromwell* then committed Treaſon?

Suf. My Lord, your matter ſhall be tried,
Mean time with Patience content yourſelf.

Crom. Perforce I muſt with Patience be content:
O dear Friend *Bedford*, doſt thou ſtand ſo near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend ſheds a Tear.
And whither is't? which way muſt *Cromwell* now?

Gard. My Lord, you muſt unto the *Tower*:
Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.

Crom. Well, where you pleaſe; yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my Men.

Gard. As you go by Water ſo you ſhall.

Crom. I have ſome Buſineſs preſent to impart.

Nor. You may not ſtay; Lieutenant, take your Charge.

Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you ſecond *Gardiner*'s Text.
Norfolk, farewel, thy turn will be the next.

[*Exit* Cromwell *and the Lieutenant.*

Gard. His guilty Conſcience makes him rave, my Lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is ſhort enough.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not ſhed a Tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to ſee his ſudden Fall.

Gard. Such Succeſs wiſh I unto Traitors all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why? can this News be true? is't poſſible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arreſted upon High-Treaſon?
I hardly will believe it can be ſo.

2 *Cit.* It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwiſe,
Condition I ſpent half the Wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, ſaw him there arreſted,
And afterwards committed to the *Tower*.

1 *Cit.* What, was't for Treaſon that he was committed?

2 *Cit.* Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my State is gone.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he ſhall not die,
Becauſe the King did favour him ſo much.
2 *Cit.* O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking ſo:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have ſo many Enemies:
He that in Court ſecure will keep himſelf,
Muſt not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is ſafe, when as the Cedar ſhakes:
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.
1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this Nobleman ſhould fall,
He did ſo many charitable Deeds.
2 *Cit.* 'Tis true, and yet you ſee in each Eſtate,
There's none ſo good, but ſome one doth him hate.
And they before would ſmile him in the Face,
Will be the foremoſt to do him diſgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?
1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the News,
How Men will judge what will become of him.
2 *Cit.* Some Men will ſpeak hardly, ſome will ſpeak in pity.
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City,
There I am ſure to hear more News than you.
1 *Cit.* Why then ſoon will we meet again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cromwell *in the* Tower.

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, haſt thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy ſtate, and of the time:
Thy Honours came unſought, ay, and unlook'd for;
They fall as ſudden, and unlook'd for too:
What Glory was in *England* that had I not?
Who in this Land commanded more than *Cromwell?*
Except the King, who greater than my ſelf?
But now I ſee what After-Ages ſhall,
The greater Men, more ſudden is their Fall.
And now I do remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very deſirous for to ſpeak to me:
And afterward ſent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have ſtill in my Pocket.
Now may I read it, for I now have leiſure,
And this I take it is. [*He reads the Letter.*

My

My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your State is overthrown,
And much I doubt your Life, and if you come:
Then if you love your ſelf, ſtay where you are.
O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw:
Deferring this to read until to-morrow,
I ſpurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow.
Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower *and Officers.*
Now, Maſter Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death?
Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might never ſee it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Wincheſter, *Bedford*, and Sir *Richard Ratcliff*,
With others, but why they come I know not.
Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my Life and State inſnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you ſhall do them wrong,
For here ſtands he, whom ſome think lives too long.
Learning kills Learning, and inſtead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell*'s Heart blood doth drink.
Enter all the Nobles.
Nor. Good-morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone ſo ſad?
Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it beſt fits me be alone,
Sadneſs with me, not I with any one.
What, is the King acquainted with my Cauſe?
Nor. We have, and he hath anſwered us, my Lord.
Crom. How ſhall I come to ſpeak with him my ſelf?
Gard. The King is ſo advertiſed of your Guilt,
He will by no means admit you to his Preſence.
Crom. No way admit me! am I ſo ſoon forgot?
Did he but yeſterday embrace my Neck,
And ſaid that *Cromwell* was even half himſelf?
And are his Princely Ears ſo much bewitch'd
With ſcandalous Ignominy, and ſtand'rous Speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my Lord *Wincheſter*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majeſty,
Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?
Gard. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters.
Crom. Ha, will you do this kindneſs then?
Tell him by word of Mouth what I ſhall ſay to you.

Gard.

Gard. That will I.
Crom. But on your Honour will you?
Gard. Ay, on my Honour.
Crom. Bear witneſs, Lords.
Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your Faith but half ſo much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falſeſt-hearted Man
In *England:* Pray tell him this.
Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in theſe Extremities.
Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your Honour always lov'd me well,
But, pardon me, this ſtill ſhall be my Theme,
Gardiner's the cauſe makes *Cromwell* ſo extreme:
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a word with you;
You were my Man, and all that you poſſeſs
Came by my means; to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own Hands to the King?
Sad. I kiſs your Hand, and never will I reſt,
Ere to the King this be delivered. [*Exit* Sadler.
Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in ſtore.
Gard. But all the haſte he makes ſhall be but vain;
Here's a Diſcharge for your Priſoner,
To ſee him executed preſently:
My Lord, you hear the tenour of your Life.
Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my laſt date,
And of this gliſtering World I take laſt leave,
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with Death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his Breath:
From Treaſon is my Heart as white as Snow,
My Death only procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
And tell him in what ſort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To loſe his Head before his Cauſe was try'd;
But let his Grace, when he ſhall hear my Name,
Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the ſame.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your Son come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*.
Mark, Boy, the laſt words that I ſpeak to thee;

Flatter

Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for State, yet loſe no ſpark of Honour;
Ambition, like the Plague, ſee thou eſchew it;
I die for Treaſon, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy Faith as ſpotleſs be as mine,
And *Cromwell*'s Virtues in thy Face ſhall ſhine:
Come, go along and ſee me leave my Breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.

Son. O Father, I ſhall die to ſee that Wound,
Your Blood being ſpilt will make my Heart to ſound.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How ſhall I do then to have my Head ſtrook off?
Come on, my Child; and ſee the end of all,
And after ſay, that *Gardiner* was my Fall.

Gard. My Lord, you ſpeak it of an envious Heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equity.

Bed. O, my good Lord of *Wincheſter*, forbear;
It would better ſeemed you to been abſent,
Than with your Words diſturb a dying Man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he diſturbs not me;
My Mind he ſtirs not, tho' his mighty Shock
Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty Bleſſing, ſo I take my leave.

Hang. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me.

Crom. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'ſt me precious Phyſick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I deſire of you,
Before my Death a corporal Embrace.

[Bedford *comes to him*, Cromwell *embraces him.*

Farewel, great Lord, my Love I do commend!
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heav'n I ſend:
This is my Joy, that ere my Body fleet,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Winding-ſheet;
Farewel, dear *Bedford*, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor Ell in length,
To riſe to unmeaſur'd height, wing'd with new ſtrength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men diſcover,
My Soul is ſhrin'd with Heaven's Celeſtial Cover.

[*Exeunt* Cromwel *and the Officers and others.*

Bed.

Bed. Well, farewel *Cromwell*, the trueſt Friend
That ever *Bedford* ſhall poſſeſs again;
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wiſh in vain that *Cromwell* had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's *Head.*

Offic. Here is the Head of the deceas'd *Cromwell.*

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away,
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now, my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwell*'s Body now doth want a Head.

Sad. O God, a little ſpeed had ſav'd his Life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him ſtraight unto his Majeſty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.

Gard. My Conſcience now tells me this Deed was ill;
Would Chriſt that *Cromwell* were alive again.

Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his Death was ſo.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

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